

AUGUST 5th, 1938

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE



MRS. JANET ROPER...
gives a sweater and
socks to one of her
boys. Her unique work
is finding missing per-
sons, helping ones in
trouble. See "Sailors
Sweetheart," page 14.



ALICE BRADY . . . could
well describe her acting
career, in the words of another famous Alice,
as "curiouser and curi-
ouser." Dudley Early's
"Versatile Lady" flings it

EDWARD G. ROBIN-
SON . . . as "The Amaz-
ing Dr. Clitterhouse,"
of Claire Trevor, a
double dose of chil-
matic shivers. See review

*"Sure!
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ANOTHER!"*



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THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

(Continued from page 12)

the door, waiting for them to go. As soon as Laura heard the door in the hall close, she leaped to her feet. "That was very funny, Mr. Bowen!" she said tightly. "Very funny!" But she wasn't laughing. Her hand came up and she slapped Bill's cheek stingingly.

Laura felt her breath burning inside her chest, and her nostrils quivering. She said furiously, "A gag! Bill Bowen—movie star—gets small-time dancing teacher to give him lessons. I'll make a killing story to tell around Hollywood and New York, won't it? A great gag!"

Tears stung her eyes. "That was the cheapest, most contemptible trick I ever heard of. I—I hope you've had your laugh."

She turned and ran blindly into the hall, where she bumped into Bill's mother. "Why, what on earth?" Mrs. Bowen cried. Laura did not stop, but ran on to the door. She was struggling with the doorknob when Bill caught up with her.

Laura turned on him and said bitterly, "You—the best dancer in Hollywood—taking lessons from me! Oh, it's funny! Funny! You must have had a hard time keeping your face straight!"

Bill's strong hand grasped her arm. "Wait a minute!" he pleaded, as Laura again flushed with the knob. "Please wait—you've got to listen."

She jerked away. "Let me alone!"

"You would listen to me! I didn't mean anything! I—I wasn't trying to be funny. Gosh, Laura, postmen take walks on their days off and sailors go rowing and I always take dancing lessons. I didn't expect to fall in love with you! I tell you, I'd heard you were good. I—I even had an idea that if you were good enough you—you might be interested in a job with me. I need a new dancing partner since Patsy Royal got married. For heaven's sake, Laura, listen to me!"

"Dancing lessons!" choked Laura, and she was so miserable that she wanted to die. "You—you look different in the movies, somehow. That's why I didn't recognize you. I did feel, though, that I'd seen you before."

"Yes," he said bitterly. "They glamour me up, all right! Now listen, Laura—"

"I don't want to listen to a thing! Let me go!" But Bill didn't let Laura go. He held her close in his arms, and his hand tilted her chin. "Look at me!" he commanded. "Look! You know I wasn't laughing at you—I—Laura! Can't you see how much I love you? That's why I did it. I—I meant to tell you after a while. But then I couldn't."

Laura refused to be comforted. She wept. Her bussed head, from which her hair had fallen, was pressed against his chest. Her little fists punched at him ineffectually. "I hate you," she wailed. "You've made a laughing stock of me. I hate you!"

"I love you," said Bill. "I knew you were to direct the charity show, and Mom said she thought I ought to offer—. And then, when I came in and saw you—"

"You're a liar!" cried Laura. "Let me go."

Mrs. Bowen, who had been standing petrified in the hall, now injected mildly, "No, Bill is no liar. I did tell him about the show, and then he went down to see you."

Bill's hand slipped into Laura's. He was explaining, "Dancing lessons—that sign. It was like a red flag to a bull. But I was going to talk about the revue. Really I was. But when I saw you . . . and you started to reach for your robe . . . and your hair was like butter . . . like sunshine . . ."

Laura made a moaning sound deep in her throat. Bill pleaded, "Darling, don't cry! Please don't cry. We'll do a number together for the revue. Don't cry."

"I'm not crying," sobbed Laura. "I hate you."

"That's all right," said Bill. "I hate you, too." And he kissed her.

ALICE BRADY

(Continued from page 17)

and her leading man was again Conrad Nagel. The play ran so long that she began to hate it intensely. During the run of it, she married for the first and, to date, the only time. Her husband was James L. Crane, son of the late Dr. Frank Crane, whose syndicated newspaper column was known to millions during his lifetime. But it was not a successful marriage. Alice and her husband were divorced after two years and a half. From the union there is one child, a boy. He is now 16 years old and attends a private school in the East. James L. Crane died a few years ago.

During Alice's married life, an incident occurred which shows clearly the demands of a theatrical career, if one takes such a career as seriously as Miss Brady obviously does.

Six weeks before the birth of her son, Miss Brady was slightly injured in an automobile accident in which her chauffeur was killed. As a result of the shaking up which she received, her appendix became inflamed. She was in the middle of the run of a successful play, "Drifting," and being the star of the piece, Miss Brady did not want to leave the cast. So doctors packed her in ice and, ice-packed, she was carried in the theatre each day in time for the performance. It went on for seven days like that. On the seventh day, she was so weak and ill that she lost her balance when she went on stage. The leading man, Robert Warwick (now appearing in pictures), stepped right out of his part, rushed off stage, and came back with a stiff drink of whiskey. Miss Brady drank it without realizing what she was doing. Her doctor ordered her home and, protesting, Miss Brady stayed in bed until the birth of her child.

In 1932 Miss Brady was discovered all over again for motion pictures. That discovery has its ironic side. Long considered one of Broadway's finest dramatic actresses, Miss Brady rose to new success in motion pictures as a comedienne. It came about this way:

One day in 1932, Alice's father approached her with the idea of her being in a play with her stepmother Grace George, or Moma, as Alice calls her. Brady had the play. It was "Mademoiselle" by French dramatist Jacques Deval, the author of "Tovarich." There were two leading feminine roles in it—one dramatic, one comedic, the latter being a flutter-budget part. As Miss George had been a comedienne exclusively, and Miss Brady just as exclusively a dramatic actress, Brady wanted to experiment. The two would, therefore, switch roles. To make a long story short, they did, and the play had a fairly long run. But what surprised Alice Brady was the offers from Hollywood. "I had five in one day—the second day of the play's run," she told me. "I couldn't believe it."

Alice, however, accepted none of these offers until she had opened and closed in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," which was a triumph both for herself and for O'Neill. In connection with O'Neill, the serious-looking dramatist, Miss Brady has another anecdote to tell.

When rehearsals first began on the play, she said, she was warned by some who stood in awe of O'Neill to be careful not to offend him. For instance, she certainly should not bring to the theatre those dime-novel detec-

tive thrillers to which she was—and is—addicted. That, her friends said, would shock the great literary O'Neill beyond words.

But Alice Brady, not being one to defer to the tastes of others, took along her prized thrillers, just as she had done at other rehearsals. And one day while she was on stage, Mr. O'Neill got hold of her book. How shocked he was shown by his refusal to give the book back to Alice until he had finished reading it! Instead of being offended, O'Neill insisted that Alice bring him another from her library. And that procedure went on until rehearsals were finished. Whether Mr. O'Neill has remained a detective story fan, Miss Brady does not know.

After the close of "Electra," Alice Brady went to Hollywood—and was typed immediately for the comedienne roles for which she is most widely known today. It was not until someone—she doesn't know who—at Twentieth Century-Fox decided that she was the right person for the role of Mrs. O'Leary in "In Old Chicago" that her talent as a dramatic actress was again put to good use in the movies.

"I'm really no comedienne," Miss Brady told me. "Oh, after several years of these rattle-brained parts I have learned a little comedy timing, I suppose, and that's all. But I don't care. They pay me plenty for doing the parts."

While Miss Brady was making "Goodbye Broadway" at the Universal Studios recently, she broke her ankle. True to the tradition of the theatre, she kept right on working, her leg in a plaster cast. What scenes remained to be shot after the accident were made with Miss Brady sitting down or standing on one foot, and the cameras never showed her below her waist. When the cast was finally removed, Alice had each member of the "Goodbye Broadway" company and Director Ray McCarey autograph it.

Miss Brady's chief interest now, aside from her son and her career, is dogs. She has been a dog lover since childhood and has always owned several at a time. Just recently she turned over to Bette Davis the presidency of the Tail-Waggers Association, a dog protective society. Miss Brady was among the leaders in the fight against harsh city ordinances enacted by several Southern California cities during a rabies scare. And she and the Tail-Waggers Association are particularly interested in the Seeing Eye dogs—the dogs which are trained to expertly that their masters can go about their daily routines almost as if they had their eyesight.

Miss Brady now has five dogs of her own, among them a mongrel rescued from the Los Angeles city pound. She got it during the making of "In Old Chicago," when she and Tyrone Power went to the pound and each of them came away with a mongrel.

Alice Brady, winner of this year's Academy award for the excellence of her performance as a supporting player in "In Old Chicago," doesn't care particularly whether she is cast in comedy or in drama on the screen, she told me, as long as the studios continue to pay her handsomely. No art for art's sake for Miss Brady. But in spite of her pay checks' being admittedly her primary interest in her work, she seems to be doing fully as well artistically as any of the movie people who maintain that money, the filthy stuff, is as nothing to them compared to their art.

The Light Fantastic

WHAT MAKES THIS STORY IS THAT BILL WAS BEING PRETTY MUCH HIMSELF—ONLY LAURA DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS

BY BETTY WALLACE

Laura Traynum pushed the damp, fair curly hair off her forehead, took a deep breath, and said, resolutely patient, "Look, children—watch me. One, two, three—see?"

Laura's slim legs twinkled gracefully under the short dancing dress. She would have preferred rehearsal shorts, or a one-piece bathing suit, but the children's mothers were likely to think . . . Long ago, a couple months ago—Laura had steered herself to pay attention to what the children's mothers thought.

The five unimpressed little girls—whose ages ranged from four to six—watched her, and then, to a man, they sighed.

"Look, children," said Laura desperately. "Let's do it this way. First, *pif. Pif!* Ah, that's right. Now, *bounce!* Now, one, two, three . . ."

The childish legs waved uncertainly. The five pairs of soled and scuffed ballerina slippers shuffled on the polished floor. Miss Mildred Adams was laughing chords and laughing.

The baby of the class, Tootsie, clutched her slipping pink hair ribbon. "If you wouldn't bounce your head, Tootsie, the ribbon wouldn't come off," said Laura.

The piano began again. The children bent their knees in the *pif*. Laura waited to scream.

At last it was over. Laura sat down on a bench near the practice bar and ran her fingers through her hair. Never, never had she thought, during all those years of teaching, that she'd end up like this—teaching awkward babies to slide, dip, *ballroom*, curtsey. She'd dreamed of herself in a spotlight, lightly dancing while an audience applauded thunderously. She'd dreamed of Paris and London and of a famous ballet in which she'd be the prima ballerina. Or at the least, she used to think, she might compromise with Hollywood and Broadway. Oh, yes! The children's mothers paid her one dollar each and patronized her just a little, because Miss LaRue, who had been teaching Westwood children for years, charged one-fifty.

AFTER a while Laura got up. The pupils in the toe class would be arriving soon.

There was a knock at the studio door. Started, for the children never knocked. Laura opened it. In the narrow hall a man was standing. He came in uncertainty. "Miss Traynum?" he said.

"Yes?"

"I—er . . ." He hesitated, regarding her fixedly. Then he said, with the air of a man plunging into icy water, "You—er—teach dancing? Ballroom dancing?"

Her sign outside the window said that she did.

But she never had. The Westwood mammas, it seemed, had long ago given up dancing. And no other man had ever, within memory, invaded the femininity of this studio.

"You—you want lessons?" gasped Laura. He was unusually tall. He had brown eyes. They were fastened on the fetching curves under her short dancing dress. She saw him looking to her face. Color crept over her cheeks and she turned her head. She had an embarrassed impulse to put on her robe and cover herself decently.

"Well—I . . ." He seemed a trifle vague. He was still staring at her, as if he thought all dancing instructresses had to be old and ugly.

Laura said, "Of course, if that's what you want, I could . . ."

His eyes wandered around the studio. He looked in the mirrors along the walls, at the iron practice bar, at the battered piano. Laura said quickly, "Most of my pupils are children. But I . . ."

There was a little silence. She looked up at him pleadingly. "One dollar an hour. That's very cheap." If he took five lessons, she could buy a new hat after she'd paid the studio rent.

"Yes," he agreed. "That's cheap."

Another silence. Laura said, "I could—I could take you this evening. Any evening. After six."

He still acted uncertain, but he said, "All right. I'll come back." After he had gone, she realized that she hadn't asked his name or anything. There was, she thought, something reassuringly familiar about him. As if she'd seen him before. But probably he wouldn't be back.

As she demonstrated for the toe pupils, she found herself thinking that it had been a long time since she'd been anywhere where ballroom dancing was practiced. Maybe he wanted to learn the Big Apple or something. They sashayed, didn't they? And praised Allah? And did something out of the Suzy-Q?



Laura saw his eyes go to her face. Color washed over her cheeks and she turned her head. She had an embarrassed impulse to put on her robe and cover herself.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD KLAUCK

But at six o'clock, properly dressed in a simple black frock and wearing high heels, Laura waited for her pupil. And he actually came!

He wandered into the studio that same uncertain way, after knocking hesitantly on the door and then standing there a moment as if he were a little dazed. But he noticed the changed clothes and seemed to approve of them.

"My pianist has gone," said Laura, "but we'll do much better with a few victrola records."

She started the victrola. "Thanks . . . for the memory . . ." She said, "Like this step and slide and step and slide . . ."

She didn't realize, until at her direction he took her into his arms, just how big he was. Her chin just about reached his chest.

And he was strong! His arms held her altogether too tightly. She said, "Look, I'll lead. See, you do it this way."

He grimmed. "That's very nice. Much easier." It wasn't very nice at all. It was like a rowboat trying to push an ocean liner across the water.

Laura disengaged herself and said, "Now try it. Take me in your arms." That was the wrong way to put it. She bit her lip.

For half an hour they stepped and slid and jerked and bobbed around the floor, and then Laura lifted the arm of the victrola off the record and said,

"You can rest." She said it definitely. "You don't seem to have any idea that dancing should be part of the music. In the same time, I mean. When it's fast, you dance fast. When it's slow and languorous . . ."

"I see," said the man. And then Laura remembered that she didn't know his name. So she asked him.

(Please turn to page 6)





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THE LIGHT FANTASTIC (Continued from page 5)

He looked startled. His brown eyes broke away from hers. He said, "Um—oh, yes, Brown—Bill Brown."

"Now, it's nothing to be ashamed of because you're learning to dance," Laura said. "You needn't be secretive about it. Why, some of the country's most important men have taken lessons from Arthur Murray." She smiled at him. He was really awfully nice. Big and clumsy, but sweet, somehow.

"Are—you—that is, you want to dance so you can—er—I mean—your girl . . . ?" Laura asked.

A flush mounted along his jaw. "No," he said. "Nothing like that."

And then she started the victrola again and took her in his arms. "And now, I believe, you're doing better," she said.

"It's you. You—uh—sort of inspire me."

THE next night she looked forward almost eagerly to his lesson. He had decided to take the five lessons on consecutive nights.

Again they danced to the victrola, and it was odd how one minute he'd be almost smooth, leading her in perfect time and rhythm, and the next he'd do that funny hop and spoil it all. But Laura was patient. It was much easier to be patient with him than it was to be patient with the children.

She found herself telling him about them. "There's Maine—she always sticks her tongue out of the corner of her mouth when she learns a new step. And Tootsie—her ribbons falls down. And Caroline—she cries. And Mandie—she's a fat little thing, and her mother thinks dancing will make her graceful."

Quite without seeming to have asked her, he drew from her the story of how she happened to be teaching dancing.

"I thought I was a genius—really talented," she told him. "I—spent a lot of money studying in New York. I worked with Raboff and Segurini. But I didn't get a place with the ballet. For a while I was one of the Rockettes, but that was awfully hard—almost athletic. Three shows a day. And then I sort of got tired of New York, and I had no more money, and so I came home."

He was watching her face. She laughed, a little self-consciously. "Goodness, don't let me sob on your shoulder," she said. "It's not so bad."

And that, of course, told him exactly how bad it was. Laura got up quickly and started the victrola again. And this time, apparently by dint of keeping his mind on the steps, he went through a whole record perfectly.

"They laughed when I stood up to dance . . ." he said. Laura giggled. Then she said, "We ought to try it. I think you're not ready for a public appearance."

"Public appearance?" A strange, almost frightened look came into his eyes. "Oh, no!"

"Yes," Laura said definitely. "You must overcome this foolish self-consciousness."

He backed away from her, as if he was afraid she would drag him off right then and there. "No, I—I couldn't. I—well—no."

"Haven't you ever tried to dance in public—in a night club or dance hall or anything?"

He didn't answer right away. He just stood there and looked at her. After a while his voice came from a long way off, "Yes—yes, sure I have."

"Well, as part of this dancing course, you're going to take me to the Palm Tree tomorrow night." Laura was eager, almost excited. The Palm Tree was the only night club in Westwood, and after almost a year of being back home again, she had never been there. To be sure, a boy at the corner garage had asked her once, but she hadn't wanted to go with him, and the clerk in the music store downstairs had looked as if he'd

like to ask her, but he hadn't done it. Thus, although she was slim and small and blonde, and so pretty that at first Westwood had been a little afraid to trust its children with her, Laura had had discouragingly little fun. Fun! Her eyes shone. "Please?" She was almost begging Bill. "It won't be so bad. You'll like it."

"I ought not do this," he said, looking down at her gravely. "But I can't resist you."

LAURA found herself thinking about him all the next day, as she watched bobbing curls and awkward little thin arms and stamping baby feet. "All ready . . . piano," she'd say. "Now, Lois, just watch me. See how easy it is . . ." The children were to give a revue for the benefit of Charity Hospital. Laura shuddered. Even the doting parents and the indulgent friends would expect a little grace and a semblance of unity. Well, maybe if she made the costumes cute enough and lived through a few extra rehearsals . . . She wished suddenly that Bill would come and watch her classes. He was the sort of man who'd enjoy it.

When Bill called for Laura that night at her rooming house, he ducked away from the interested glances of the two old ladies who inhabited the porch rocker. "You must get a lot of privacy," he remarked when they reached the sidewalk.

"That's nothing," she said calmly. "The landlady reads my mail."

"Do you mean your love letters?" he asked anxiously. "Because, you know, after I go away from here, I might want to write you."

"You're going away?" she asked, with a funny little sinking feeling at her heart.

"I'm only back for a little while. Mom likes me to come and stay with her whenever I can, and between—er—jobs I usually . . . see."

As they walked through the lobby of the hotel where the Palm Tree was, he kept looking over his shoulder in a worried way. Laura laughed. "Nobody's staring at you yet," she said. "You look perfectly human."

He opened his mouth as if he was going to answer, but then he shut it again without speaking. He clutched her arm hard and they entered the dining room and followed the hostess to a table close to the dance floor.

"I'd rather be over there," Bill indicated a booth half hidden by palms.

"No, sir!" said Laura firmly. "Right here where we can watch the dancers."

"You've got the stubbornest chin now that I come to notice it," Bill said slowly. "You look sort of helpless, and yet . . ." He was lost in contemplation of her uplifted face. "And your eyes are like little pools of clear water. And your mouth . . ."

"Stop that!" she said shakily. She liked it, but it frightened her.

"Watch the dancers," she said, pulling herself back to the role of teacher. "See how effortless and easy it is. Watch that man over there. He's really good."

But Bill, staring at the man, seemed startled, and he hunched around in his chair and asked the hovering waiter for a menu.

"Now ask me to dance," Laura said.

"Dance, Miss Traynum?" he murmured obediently but a little nervously.

She got up eagerly. Bill was looking around with that same apprehensive glance she'd noticed before. "For goodness sake, nobody's even looking at you," she cried.

She was inwardly afraid, though, that just at first he'd be stiff and awkward, forgetting everything she'd taught him. But he swept her off quite knowingly, and for half the length of the floor he did very well indeed. She looked up at him and smiled. "You're grand," she said. Then, because of the look on his face, she added primly, "I mean your dancing has improved."

Right then he stopped. Laura said "Oh?"

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THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

(Continued from page 6)

and he gave her a jerk so that they almost tripped. She said quietly, "You've got rattled. Stop—take it easy—wait for the beat."

THEY danced almost every dance. It was a curious thing: he would be doing so well, and then, somehow, he'd get as stiff and clumsy as he'd been right at first. Just the same, Laura enjoyed dancing again for her own pleasure, and she said judiciously, "I think that did you more good than a lesson in the studio. Soon you'll be able to dance with anyone."

"I don't want to dance with 'anyone,'" said Bill. "I want to dance with you." He added quickly, "Let's get out of here. It's getting crowded."

"What of it?"

"I—I don't like crowds. Come on."

Sitting in his car, going home, she tried to stifle the unusually happy feeling that was rising in her. This wasn't really a date, she told herself—it was just a lesson. But then Bill's arm came close, and soon it was around her shoulder. He pulled her toward him. Then he was kissing her—kissing her competently and completely.

Laura felt her senses sway, and for a wild moment she was kissing him, too. And then she was pushing Bill away and her voice quavered, "Wait! How dare you!"

"The right time," he said matter-of-factly, "is 'Unbind me, villain!'"

"I—I think you—you have a lot of nerve!"

"Yes," said Bill complacently. "I have." And then he began to draw her close again, but she wriggled out of his grasp and huddled over in the corner and said, "Now, look here!"

"I suppose you want me to say I'm sorry," Bill said unhappily. "Well, I'm not sorry. I—you—well, that's how it is. I'm not a bit sorry. I've wanted to do that ever since—ever since—"

"Ever since when?"

"Ever since you reached for that robe that first day in your studio."

The blood burned in Laura's cheeks. "You're despicable," she said chokingly.

Bill ignored that, saying contentedly, "You know, I used to hate this town. But now I think it's a pretty good little burg. I was eager to get out of it, yet here I am, thinking about coming back and settling down."

Laura's breath had somehow gone out of her. She couldn't say a word. Bill was talking on. "I—I'm not crazy about the work I'm doing now. It's sort of sensational. I've been thinking about chucking it. I was educated to be a lawyer. Nice, sensible profession, law."

Laura wanted to ask him what, exactly, he was doing now, but she remembered that she was angry at him, and so she maintained a chill silence all the way back to her rooming house. At the door he asked, "Tomorrow night at the studio?"

"No!"

"All right? I'll be there at six."

THE next day was the day the mothers came to see about the costumes. They sat around the studio arguing about whether rosecards or maribou would be prettier. Some of them wanted sequin sashlettes in the march number, and some wanted blue velvet outfits with brass buttons. The committee for the hospital, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Titterington, wanted their children to have extra numbers and they argued grimly, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Bell knew that her Tootsie was too young and too timorous to venture out onto a stage by herself. And Noelle Titterington had never yet succeeded in pinning.

Then Mrs. Bell said, "I was talking to Mrs. Walker Plimington today, and do you

(Please turn to page 12)

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THE WIT OF THE WORLD

"What's worrying you, David?" asked Mabel.

"I was just wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon," replied the farmer's son. "—supposin' you said yes, if I asked you to marry me."

—Sour Owl

The nearsighted old lady had spent a long time in the curiosity shop.

"What is that strange-looking statue in the corner worth?" she asked at last.

"About \$10,000," whispered the horrified salesman. "But that's the proprietor!"

—Bored Walk

Hiram walked four miles over the hills to call on the girl of his dreams. For a long time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log cabin. After a while Hiram sipped closer to her.

"Mary," he began, "I've got a good clearin' over thar, an' a team an' wagon, an' some hawgs an' cows, an' I reckon on buildin' a house an'—"

Here he was interrupted by Mary's mother.

"Mary," she called in a loud voice, "is that young man thar yit?"

Back came the answer, "No, Ma, but he's gittin' thar!"

—Columns

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

HERE'S a fine letter from Mrs. Dorothy Maybell Taylor, 4515 Grand Ave., Grand Junction, Colorado: "For the past two years I have wanted to express my sincere appreciation of your most excellent magazine, and now I cannot procrastinate any longer. It is immensely worth while, a perfect joy from start to finish.

"You may be interested in knowing that I have at frequent intervals sent copies of your publication to relatives and friends in three Canadian provinces, in various parts of England, in Mexico City, and in British Honduras. I am sending you a poem, 'Blessed Are They,' which a friend, Mrs. K. Prouse of Portsmouth, England, sent me, and also another poem which appeals to me because I am an ardent lover of nature."

BLESSED ARE THEY

Blessed are they who are pleasant to live with.

Blessed are they who sing in the morning, whose faces have smiles for their early adornings, Who come down to breakfast companionship with cheer, Who won't dwell on trouble or entertain fear, Whose eyes smile so bravely, whose lips carry to say, "Life, I salute you! Good morning, now day!"

Blessed are they who are pleasant to live with.

Blessed are they who treat our mother, Though whether a sister, a father, a brother, With the very same courtesy they would extend To a casual acquaintance or dearly loved friend, Who choose for the telling, encouraging things, And choke back the bitter, the sharp word that stings.

Blessed are they who are pleasant to live with.

Blessed are they who give of their best, Who bring to the home bright laughter, gay jest, Who make themselves charming for no other reason Than charm is a blossom for home's every season, Who bestow love on others throughout the long day— Pleasant to live with and blessed are they!

HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE

Lord, hear this sincere prayer from me:

Let me grow faultless like a tree,
Let there be that about my face
To point men skyward to thy grace.
Let my life be fresh and clean
Like the tree's new budding green.
Let my love like branches spread
To bear good fruit for others' bread.

Let me grow tall and straight and whole
Like the tree's strong, upright soul.
As waiting robins love to come
To make the leafy boughs their home,
May many find my heart a nest
Of sheltering peace and happy rest.
Give me to add to gladness' store,
As leaves make soft the forest floor.

Each stormy passion of the land
And heat of scorching hate I'd stand,
Firm-faced with deep-rooted roots of truth
By lessons which I learned in youth.
When grief weaves shadows like a shroud,
I'd point aloft to rainbow cloud.
Lord, teach me now the ancient good
Of thy great forest brotherhood!

—VINCENT G. BURNS

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

(Continued from page 9)

know, that son of Mrs. Bowen's—the one who's in the movies—is in town, and I thought how nice it would be if we could get him to do a number for the revue. It would sell so many tickets!"

Mrs. Titterington said, "I don't see how he could refuse. Why don't we ask him? Miss Traynum, you could—

Laura, who had been leafing through a pile of costume sketches, looked up.

She considered that a moment. Being a movie star, this Bowes, or whoever he was, would probably say he was too busy or his contract didn't permit him to give benefit performances, or he'd pretend he had to leave town the day before, Laura thought. But she said, "Oh, yes, I'll ask him. Would you like to arrange the appointment, Mrs. Titterington?"

"Why can't the three of us call on him?" Mrs. Bell proposed. "I've never met a movie star."

With characteristic efficiency, Mrs. Titterington marched straight to the phone. She found the number in the book and dialed it. Laura, meanwhile, went upstairs to get the samples of material which had been sent from New York. When she came down, Mrs. Titterington said, "Well! We're to go over now. Mrs. Bowen said that he's at home."

THE Bowen house was singularly unlike a movie star's normal residence. It was small and white, with a magnolia tree in the front yard, and it had green shutters and ruffled curtains at the windows.

When Laura and her committee rang the bell, an elderly woman in a black dress opened the door. "How are you, Mrs. Bell? How do you do, Mrs. Titterington?" She smiled at Laura. "And you're the little dancing teacher? I have heard that you're much too good for Westwood."

She led them into a sitting room that was cozy in spite of its massive walnut furniture. "He'll be right in. Won't you sit down?"

Mrs. Bell whispered to Laura that the Bowens were an old and aristocratic family. "So odd that he should turn out to be a dancer. But he gets millions for every picture—just millions, my dear!"

And then, as they waited, there was the sound of footsteps and a tall man walked into the room. Laura's mouth flew open and she heard a gasping sound inside her head. For a moment her heart thundered and her hands shook. She was numb and yet seething. After the clamor died down she wanted to sob. For the tall man—the Mr. Bowen—was Bill Brown! Bill—and he had taken dancing lessons from her!

Humiliation rushed over Laura. She remembered all the hours of "teaching" Bill to dance, and how he must have been laughing at her, and she wanted to jump to her feet and rage at him.

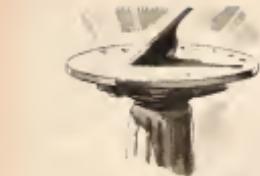
Bill's ears were fiery, and though his eyes were looking at Laura, he spoke to the ladies calmly enough. Mrs. Bell said, "We've come to ask you if you would favor us by dancing in our little charity show. It's for the hospital and the children, you know. Miss Traynum here is our dancing teacher."

Laura's head was spinning. Her thoughts were churning so that they didn't make sense. "My mother told me about it," Bill was saying. "Yes, I'd like to do it. It's kind of you to want me." His face was a round scarlet disc of guile, and he advanced toward Laura, saying, "We'll have to discuss the number you'd like me to do. Had you—had you anything definite in mind?"

The ladies got up twinkling, "You can arrange it then, Miss Traynum," Mrs. Bell said. "I'm late for my bridge club now."

Laura sat there trembling, as Mrs. Bowen showed Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Titterington to

(Please turn to page 22)



Correct Time FOR RITZ



PICNIC TIME! Plan them buffet style, with plenty of cheese spreads, cold meats, jam, peanut butter and Ritz Crackers! The picnickers will have fun making their own sandwiches, and you'll be spared the tedious job of advance preparation.



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SAILORS' SWEETHEART

HAS ONE DEAR TO YOU SAILED
TO THE PORT OF MISSING MEN?
JANET ROPER HAS FOUND \$5,000.
HELPED OTHER THOUSANDS IN
TROUBLE OR "ON THE BEACH"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT

boys or men who were out of touch with anxious relatives, helping them to remove the obstacles, real or imaginary, which stood in the way of reunions or reconciliations. In 1930, the bureau became an official part of the Institute. But to Mrs. Roper it was—and is—still a personal job.

The Institute, which is home to thousands of sailors when they are in New York, is housed in a big 13-story building on the East River waterfront, down near the tip of Manhattan, and it comprises a veritable hotel—and more—for seamen. Here men come from the ships to rent a clean room or a bed in the dormitory while on shore leave or while waiting for a new sailing "ticket." The Government operates a post office in the building, where mail for the seafarers is held until they come into port. A bank looks out for their money, a library gives them a place to read, well equipped recreation rooms offer spare-time fun, an auditorium is available for movies or sports, a lecture room for classes in navigation, and a chapel for religious services.

PHOTO BY E. P. C.
This heavily made-up woman on the Institute's ship is typical of the thousands who annually come to Mother Roper at the Seamen's Institute when their personal problems pitch them into heavy seas

"WHERE Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" is more than just a song to Mrs. Janet Roper. It is a frequently recurring question which she has answered more than 5,000 times. Answering it is her job, her life-work—a work that has made her name known and blessed wherever American sailors ride the seven seas, and wherever their families live and wait for their return to the home port.

Officially, Mrs. Roper is head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City. Actually, Mrs. Roper is the bureau. She conceived it and built it single-handedly. Starting out years ago as just another welfare worker, Mrs. Roper quickly discovered that she was unable to work in the manner of so many of her colleagues—impersonally, mathematically, applying so-called scientific sociological tests and rules. She found her mind insisting on thinking of every sailor who came before her as an individual, not just a case. Each one had his own traits, his own problems—and the problems extended beyond him to mother, wife, sweetheart, or friends. Every once in a while a letter would come to the Institute from one of these folk at home asking if anybody there knew the whereabouts of this sailor or that. And Mrs. Roper, deciding that the strengthening or patching up of home ties would do "her boys" more good than almost anything else that could be done for them, began serving as a "missing seamen's bureau," hunting up the

"MOTHER" ROPER, as she is known to thousands of sailors, is housemother of the Institute, but her chief interest is in the welfare department, which concerns itself with the seamen who are "on the beach" and down on their luck. Here come the men who are temporarily out of a job and are waiting for another ship to sign them on. There are many of them, these days, what with the normal uncertainties of shipping aggravated by the layoffs and confusion caused by two rival unions bitterly struggling to get control. To many of the seamen the Institute extends credit while they wait for their new berths. Other officials in the welfare department attend to this for the most part, but every once in a while there is a special case—someone who doesn't fit the rules, but who has a special appeal to make. That's where Mother Roper comes in.

A tall, elderly lady, with hair just flecked with gray, Mother Roper studies them, as they tell her their difficulties, with eyes that are at once kindly and shrewd. It usually doesn't take her long to decide about them. "I make mistakes," she says, "but I'd rather take a chance on my own judgment than on



From the "growing nest" of the Seamen's Institute building, Mrs. Janet Roper scans the great New York harbor into which "her boys"—men with a cargo of difficulties for her to solve

anything else." And she usually gives the men who come to the Institute the benefit of the doubt.

There was, for instance, the case of the tall, eager-eyed man who came in while I was visiting Mrs. Roper.

"Well," she said, greeting him, "if it isn't The Admiral! What's on your mind, Admiral?"

Speaking almost breathlessly, the admiral explained that he had a job, but that he would have to get to Stamford, Connecticut, to take it—and he lacked the fare.

"Are you sure, Admiral?" Mrs. Roper demanded, searching his face with her eyes. "Do you want me to call up and find out for myself if there really is a job for you?"

"You can," he said hesitantly. "I hate to have them know that I'm broke, though."

"No," she decided. "I won't embarrass you; I'll take your word for it. But will you stick to the job after you get it?"

Volleyingly he assured her that he would, that he had been home over Christmas, and had promised his family to buckle down.

So Mrs. Roper gave The Admiral the money to take him to Stamford and wished him luck.

"I can't feel at all sure that he'll go to Stamford," Mrs. Roper told me after the man had left. "Drinking is his trouble. But he's one of the best engineers in the industry—and a really brilliant fellow. I hope he sticks this time. Anyway, I couldn't refuse to give him his chance."

Next there came a young fellow who had just applied, in vain, for credit so that he could eat and sleep until he got another berth. He had, however, been a sailor only ten months, and only those who have a year's experience behind them are eligible for credit. He, along with the entire crew from his ship, had been laid off, he said, several weeks before. His money was gone, he had sold his coat, and he was broke.

"What did you ever want to go to sea for, anyway?" Mrs. Roper asked him.

He swallowed hastily. "Well," he said, "I had to get away from my home town. My dad died, and then my mother died, and the place was getting me down."

"I see," Mrs. Roper said, nodding sympathetically. "I see." And she arranged for him to receive room and board on credit.

"I liked that boy," she told me when he had gone. "Did you notice the way his voice almost broke when he spoke of his mother? And you could tell he hadn't been a sailor long. The older ones get so they hide their feelings and thoughts."

SOMETIMES sailors have acts to hide, too," Mrs. Roper added. And then she told me of one such case. A mother in Texas had written to her, asking help in locating her son. Never before, the mother wrote, had he failed to let her know where he was and how he was faring. But suddenly all word from him had stopped. Where was he? What had happened to him? Why didn't he write?

Mother Roper soon found out. The lad was in a penitentiary in Texas. Mrs. Roper wrote to him, and the boy wrote back. He told her all about the scrape that had landed him in prison, and convinced her that he had gotten into trouble more by accident than from any criminal tendencies—that he had really been the scapegoat and that the real offenders had escaped. "But please," he wrote, "don't tell my mother or any of my family where I am or anything about it. No member of our family has ever been in jail or in any kind of disgrace. It would break their hearts to know about this. Please don't tell them."

Mrs. Roper respected his wish, and did not write to his mother. But she wrote to a clergyman near the penitentiary and asked him to go to see the boy. He visited the boy and then wrote Mrs. Roper that he believed the boy's story. Furthermore, the minister said that he had convinced the young man that he himself should write to his mother, tell her the truth, and leave it to her maternal love to have faith in him and forgive him. A little later the boy wrote to Mother Roper to the same effect, saying that he was going to write to his mother.

Six months passed, and then Mother Roper had a letter from the boy's sister. "We have waited and waited," she wrote, "hoping to hear from you. Mother is nearly frantic. Can't you find out anything about where my brother is?"

The boy apparently had not been able to muster the courage to write. And so Mother Roper faced a difficult problem. What should she do? Should she write to the mother or not? Finally, she dictated a letter, telling the mother the whole story. And then she carried the letter around with her for days, debating with herself whether or not she should mail it. Happening to have occasion to address a group of mothers while the problem was still unsettled, Mrs. Roper

put the dilemma up to them. They all urged her to send the letter—and she did.

It proved to be the right decision. The mother, in her joy at learning that her son was still alive and in good health, would have forgiven a much more serious crime than that of which he had been convicted. She and other members of the family hastened to visit him and took steps to obtain for him the clemency that his case deserved.

"I wish things always worked out as well as that," Mrs. Roper told me. "Sometimes I just hate to tell a man's family that I have located him for them, for he has slipped so far. But I just have to put the best face on it and hope that his pride will pull him together."

If you suggest, however, that sailors are worse than any other group of men in their ways of life, Mrs. Roper is quick to come to their defense, saying that she has never seen a group of sailors act any worse than some

put them up. It was in June, 1937, that she found her 5,000th missing seaman, and she has added several hundred more to the total since then.

No. 5,000, by the way, was a 50-year-old Irish sailor. The search for him began when his mother wrote to Mrs. Roper from Scotland.

"As I am now 84 years of age and very feeble," the anxious mother wrote, "it is my sincere wish to get in touch with my son, whom I last heard from in 1912, when I was living in Ireland."

The job of locating him turned out to be easier than usual. Only a day after the inquiry was received by Mrs. Roper, a big Irishman came into her office and asked her to fill out a paper for him, because he had tuberculosis and had to establish residence in order to get convalescent care on Federal relief. Mrs. Roper looked at his name—and

(Please turn to page 17)



In the Institute's sitting room (top) the Institute ladies—two married seamen bring the house folks up to date on their activities. Most sailors, says Mrs. Roper, are single. However, she adds, "If you're selling a smooth, don't write when the going gets rough."

Though Mrs. Roper (below) is nominally the house mother at the Institute, she has a special interest in the welfare department. To her are referred seamen—young and old—who seek aid but whose cases are unusual.

In addition to rooms and dormitories, a post office, library, cafeteria, and recreation, lecture and meeting rooms, the Institute offers a music room (bottom) where amateur sing and play, popular songs and occasionally an old deep-sea chantey.



big businessmen she has seen when they were celebrating. But she doesn't say it in a tone which implies condemnation of the big businessmen. A half century of working among seamen has given her great tolerance toward the foibles and weaknesses of mankind. "Sailors are no worse than any other people." That's all she insists upon.

MRS. ROPER began her work among seafarers at 17 years of age, when she volunteered to help out at the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. Later, after she married a Congregational minister, she still found odd moments to do a little knitting or letter writing to add to the comfort and happiness of the men of the sea. And in 1913, after her husband had died, leaving her with three daughters, it became a full-time job. The Seamen's Institute added her to its staff, but didn't tell her just what she was supposed to do. "Just make your own job," she was told. And that was how she got into the work of finding missing sailors.

It usually isn't as difficult a task to locate a seaman as one might think. Mrs. Roper first runs through the list of those registered at the Institute. Then she checks with shipping companies, and with the maritime authorities in Washington. If these methods fail, she passes the word out to the other boys, personally and by bulletin, that she is trying to locate So-and-so. Somebody usually knows where So-and-so is or remembers seeing him recently or hearing that he went somewhere. Once she gets a clue, Mrs. Roper



THE REEL DOPE

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE"

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by Anatole Litvak

CAST—Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Donald Crisp, Gale Page, Henry O'Neill, John Litel, Thurston Hall, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bert Hanlon, Curt Bois, Ward Bond, Vladimir Sokoloff, Irving Bacon.

SITUATION—The eminently respectable and affluent doctor, Edward G. Robinson, turns to crime in order to study the reactions of criminals for a scientific book which he intends writing. He gets mixed up with a gang of thieves headed by Humphrey Bogart and including Claire Trevor, the fence. Robinson takes command, incarceraing Bogart's enemy. Keeping his identity secret, Robinson works with the gang until he has enough scientific notes, then bids them good-by. But Bogart learns his identity and tries to blackmail him. Robinson then kills Bogart, most scientifically, but is caught and tried for the crime. The defense is insanity. . .



In "Little Miss Broadway" the ingénue Shirley Temple has just witnessed up crackly plaster Edna Mae Oliver to the point of offering \$5,000 a week for production rights to the show which Shirley and her friends have just staged in-of-all-places—a courtroom. The film's a spiffy tempe



In "Fast Company," Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice indulge in high jinks as they carry on for MGM in the spirited detective-team tradition set by William Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man."

COMMENT—Based on Barre Lyndon's successful New York play of the same name, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" hits the screen as a fine frame in which to show off Mr. Robinson's talents. However intriguing the story may be, it is Robinson's performance which makes this one of the season's best pictures. Of course, in this department's opinion (an opinion only too well known to our readers), Miss Claire Trevor adds not inconsiderably to the general excellence. And a certain Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, prominent Los Angeles sportsman and night club owner, also turns in a good performance as the stooge.

The outstanding sequence in the picture is, I think, the one in the gambling room of the hotel, when Robinson, his pockets loaded with stolen jewels, blinds a detective into submission.

In criticism of the story, wouldn't inspector Donald Crisp become just a little bit suspicious of Robinson when the jewel thief identifies him as the real thief at the beginning of the picture? I think so. It seems to me that the very incredibility of the identification would have started the inspector's curiosity working overtime.

You may not agree with the jury's findings at the film's close. It's the kind of solution which, if you're interested enough, provides plenty of material for discussion.

OPINION—A must-see.

"LITTLE MISS BROADWAY"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Irving Cummings

CAST—Shirley Temple, George Murphy, Jimmy Durante, Phyllis Brooks, Edna Mae Oliver, George Barbier, Edward Ellis, Jane Darwell, El Brendel, Donald Meek, Claude Gillingwater, Sr., Patricia Wilder.

SITUATION—Edward Ellis, who operates a theatrical hotel in New York, takes Shirley Temple out of an orphanage because he was a friend of her parents. In the nutty atmosphere of the hotel, Shirley flourishes under the care of Ellis's daughter, Phyllis Brooks. Then Edna Mae Oliver, a meanie who owns the hotel, seeks to dispossess Ellis because he owes rent, and Shirley goes to her, offering the contents of her savings bank. Edna Mae's nephew, George Murphy, and her brookwater brother, Donald Meek, decide to fight her in the interest of Ellis—and of Phyllis, because George has gone sweet on her. Shirley, of course, does her part. . .

COMMENT—If all the hokum which went into this story were poured down Broadway, traffic would be submerged. But who am I to quarrel with the purveyors when the hokum is entertaining, as it is in this latest Temple opus? To begin with, a theatrical hotel background is a natural for providing a certain amount of good comedy—constituted in this case by an assortment of professional crackpots, headed by the one and only Jimmy Durante whose pal is a dressed-up penguin.

I need not tell you that Shirley clicks, but may I say again that the cast includes Edna Mae Oliver, than whom, I believe, there is none whosomer in her line. And there is also one of this department's favorite leading men, George Murphy, who, among male screen dancers, is, in my opinion, second only to Fred Astaire in personality, grace, and dexterity.

"Little Miss Broadway" makes use of a new locale for the staging of a show. But the whole setup is improbable, and the show, as shown on screen, would be worth 5,000

bucks a week, which is what Miss Oliver claims it is worth, only in Confederate money. However, as exaggeration is so much a part of Hollywood, we'll let it pass with no more than a snicker.

OPINION—We predict this picture will rank in popularity with Shirley's best.

"TROPIC HOLIDAY"

Produced by Paramount
Directed by Theodore Reed

CAST—Bob Burns, Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland, Martha Raye, Bonnie Barnes.
SITUATION—Ray Milland, Hollywood sce-



In "Tropic Holiday," What's wrong with this picture? That's right—it's Dorothy "Her Jingle Lover." Lamour and she has all her clothes on. The lucky gent is Ray Milland, who has just forgotten all about theences he left back in Hollywood

nario writer, goes to Mexico with secretary Martha Raye to write a story, leaving fiancée Bonnie Barnes in Hollywood. Sure enough, he falls in love with native girl Dorothy Lamour. Bob Burns, Oklahoma politician, comes down to take in marriage his sweetie, Martha Raye, who is working herself up to fight a bull in the local ring. Then Bonnie comes for Ray. Result, mixed doohies. . .

COMMENT—With a fair lot of ingredients the producers have turned out just what you'd expect—a fair picture. Not bad, not good—just somewhere in the great middle class.

Martha Raye steals the show with her ballflight sequence, aided by Bob Burns, Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour tote the "plot," along with Bonnie Barnes. At no time are they called upon to plumb the depths of emotional expression.

OPINION—Light summer fare.

"FAST COMPANY"

Produced by MGM
Directed by Edward Buzzell

CAST—Melvyn Douglas, Florence Rice, Claire Dodd, Shepperd Strudwick, Louis Calhern, Nat Pendleton, Douglas Dumbrille, Mary Howard, George Zucco, Minor Watson.

SITUATION—Melvyn Douglas, bookworm detective, solves a murder case with the aid of his wife, Florence Rice.

COMMENT—It is only fitting that Metro, which made the first "Thin Man" picture, should carry on the tradition, as they do in this good little whodunit. Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice substitute for Powell and Loy, and do it so well that you'll soon forget about making comparisons. The dialogue between Douglas and Miss Rice is sprightly and at times clever in that bantering manner which has become the fashion among cinema domestic teams.

There are a lot of good performers in the supporting cast.

OPINION—Pleasantly diverting.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN"

Produced by Serge Sandburg

Directed by Sacha Guitry

and Christian Jaque

CAST—Sacha Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, Lyn Harding, Ermate Zabloni, Yvette Pienné, Catalano, Arletty, Percy Marmont, Derrick de Marney, Barbara Shaw, Cecile Sorel, Fred Duprez, Raymond Allain.

SITUATION—The story, or stories, of seven matched pearls, four of which now adorn the English royal crown.

COMMENT—Within the length of my memory, I have never seen a more episodic picture than this. Sacha Guitry, who wrote, co-directed, and acts in it, throws conventional technique to the winds and just tells the story in whatever manner happens to suit each episode. The result is interesting and not at all difficult to follow, despite the use of several languages. There are some fine moments, especially the sequence concerning the Abyssinian queen, played farcically by a gal known simply as Arletty. The action and the attendant gibberish which passes for Abyssinian dialogue is delightful. Some of the players appear in two or more roles. Guitry plays four, and he is excellent. You will perhaps recognize some of the English players in the cast—Percy Marmont, Derrick de Marney, Barbara Shaw, and Lyn Harding.

OPINION—I can't vouch for its historic accuracy, but I can recommend it as an interesting film.



In "Pearls of the Crown," Sacha Guitry, as Napoleon III, one of the four parts played by the noted author-actor-director, presents one of the seven matched pearls, around which the story centers, to his fiancee, Eugenie-Marie du Montjoie—the Empress Eugenie to be—played by Raymond Allain

"YOUNG FUGITIVES"Produced by Universal
Directed by John Rawlins

CAST—Harry Davenport, Robert Wilcox, Dorothy Kent, Larry Blake, Clem Bevans. **SITUATION**—Harry Davenport gets a \$50,000 fund for being the last G.A. veteran. Robert Wilcox, black sheep grandson of Davenport's dead pal, returns to the old home town to get that money by hook or crook. But Dorothy Kent, girl of the road whom Davenport has befriended, tries to save the money for Davenport and Bob from himself. . . .

COMMENT—"Young Fugitives" is notable for two excellent performances. Otherwise it is hopelessly mediocre. Harry Davenport, one of Hollywood's better character actors, wins new laurels by his work in this film—and that is an almost superhuman achievement, considering the material with which he had to work. And Clem Bevans as his hired man—pal also wins a laurel wreath from this department. The two juvenile leads, Robert Wilcox and Dorothy Kent, are as good as conventional roles, writing, and direction will permit them to be.

OPINION—Double biller—and how!

SAILORS' SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 15)

it was the same as that of the man she wanted.

"Do you come from Drogeda County in the south of Ireland?" she asked him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your mother alive?"

He shook his head. "I think not. I haven't heard from her in many a year. The last letters I wrote, 20 years or more ago, never brought me an answer."

Mrs. Roper told him that his mother was still alive and that she had moved to Scotland. But though the man was delighted to hear the news, he didn't want to write.

"You write," he begged Mrs. Roper. "Tell her I'm too worked up to write myself."

"That's the way with these sailors," Mrs. Roper told me. "They keep in touch with home when everything's going well and they're making money, but they don't want to write to their families when they're in any sort of trouble—just when they need their families most."

But to get back to the Irishman. Mrs. Roper wrote to the man's mother. She replied, saying she could hardly believe that her son had been located so quickly. "Will you kindly make sure?" she wrote. "If it is my son, he has a large cross tattooed on his left arm, and a Maltese lady on the right."

It was her son whom Mrs. Roper had located, all right. His tuberculosis has been checked now, and he is working and saving his money to visit his mother in Scotland.

A FEW years ago Mother Roper was invited to be a guest speaker on a radio program. She accepted, with the provision that she could make use of this means to try to locate some seamen whom other means had failed to reach.

"Boys who are sailing out on the sea and listening to me tonight," she appealed, "find for me Smoky Joe—his mother is dying. Tell Harry Kelly—Punch Kelly—that his father has died and his mother has got to go to the poorhouse. I want to hear from Frank Pazans and Mike Murphy, who's sometimes called Lemon George. Tell Blitsky—that's one-eyed Blitsky Ross—that his little girl is sick and needs him. Pass the news to Punch Smith that his wife is seriously ill. Shorty McGuire has been looking for his wife and little boy for ten years. Tell him we located them,—and they want him back."

And so it goes. Day in and day out Mother Roper goes on finding her Smoky Joes and her Punch Kellys. In this work she has only one reservation: She will not "play copper." If there is any legal charge or action against a man, somebody else must turn him up, not she. She told me, for instance, of a wife who asked her help in locating her missing husband—and then started a legal action against him. Mother Roper at once dropped the case.

"Too often," she says, "the wives are to blame. They drive their husbands away. If there were only some way to get women to stop nagging their husbands, especially when the men haven't jobs and are doing their best to find work, there would be fewer missing seamen."

But even if no wife ever nagged again, Mother Roper would be as busy as ever—for those who sail the seven seas would still come to her for help and inspiration when they found themselves in any of the doldrums which beat scaring men.

ALICE BRADY

(Continued from page 11)

closed the door from the outside. It was just another lesson from father to daughter.

ABOUT this time—1914—Alice heard for the first time the call of motion pictures, then a lusty young industry howling for more attention from players and public alike. One of the largest movie producing companies of the time was World Films, then headed jointly by Jules E. Brulatour, now chief distributor of Eastman ray film, and his husband of Hope Hampton, and by Louis J. Selznick, who is the father of David Selznick, currently one of the best producers in Hollywood, and Myron Selznick, the leading Hollywood talent agent.

It was Brulatour and Selznick who persuaded Alice to make some pictures for them.

"We made one picture a month," Miss Brady told me with a sigh. "In those days it was set up the camera, shoot the scene, and let it go. No doubt the pictures showed that that's the way they were made."

Alice's first picture was "Redhead," and for leading man she had Conrad Nagel. Another of the early pictures was called "The New York Idea." Do you remember either of these?

William A. Brady then stepped back into his daughter's professional life, but this time it was indirectly and impersonally. It is wrongly believed by some persons in the theatrical profession even today that Brady took control of World Films, especially those starring his daughter. Although every World picture carried Brady's name, he did not produce them, Miss Brady told me. She explained that every picture made by the young picture industry carried her father's name because the motion picture business had run into a situation like the one in which it recently found itself—facing demands from the public for cleaner pictures. And so the producers immediately appointed Brady to a position corresponding to the one now occupied by Will H. Hayes, that of contact chief and head of the industry's self-imposed censorship bureau. Because Bill Brady was then the best known producer on Broadway and because his road shows had made his name known in almost every section of the country, motion picture producers figured that the Brady name on a picture would serve as a guarantee of its moral tone. Therefore every picture was labeled "A William A. Brady Production," although he produced none of them.

One of Alice Brady's recollections of this period concerns the production "The Leopardess." A real leopard was used in filming the picture, and Alice was required to fondle it in the heavyhanded manner of early sirens. "I was scared to death, in spite of the fact that they told me the animal was as tame as a kitten," she said. "Then, to prove just how tame it was, the trainer of the animal stood on the side lines, covering the leopard at all times with a loaded gun. As I was right alongside the leopard, I began to wonder if the trainer was a good shot. Finally I could stand it no longer. 'Put that gun away!' I told him. 'I'd rather take a chance on being clawed than on being clawed and shot at the same time!'"

WHEN Miss Brady's contract with World Films expired, she opened on Broadway in a play called "Forever After." (Please turn to page 22)

Sue Sutton's MENUS

MONDAY

Peppers Stuffed with Lamb and Potatoes
Sautéed Eggplant
String Beans, Tomato, and Onion Salad with French Dressing
Bread Fresh Berry Tarts Butter
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

WEDNESDAY

Hamburger Shortcake
Buttered New Onions
Sliced Tomatoes
Bread Butter
Fruit Gelatin Cookies
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

FRIDAY

Baked Crab Salad
Potato Chips
Escaloped Stewed Tomatoes
Orange or Grape and Watercress Salad with Honey Dressing
Toasted French Bread Butter
Tapioca Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SUNDAY

Chilled Honeydew Melon with Lemon
Roast Leg of Lamb
Pan-roast Potatoes
String Beans with Cheese Souce
Celery Radishes - Olives
Heated Rolls Tort Jelly Butter
Green Apple Pie à la Mode
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

TUESDAY

Fresh Corn Fritters with Honey
Broiled Bacon
Buttered Spinach
Pear and Grated Cheese Salad with Mayonnaise
Bread Cantaloupe Halves Butter
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

THURSDAY

Broiled Smoked Ham Slices with Mustard Souce
Fried Canned Sweet Potatoes Buttered Whole Summer Squash
Lettuce, Pepper, Radish, and Onion Salad with French Dressing
Buns Devonshire Bread Pudding Butter
Iced Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SATURDAY

Hawaiian Sausage (Broiled sausage patties on pineapples slices)
Hominy Grits with Cream
Buttered Peas and Carrots Cole Slaw
Bread Fresh Berry Shortcake
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING RECIPES HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE'S TESTING KITCHEN

SUNDAY'S dinner is planned so as to have enough leftovers for a complete and satisfying dinner on Monday. The string beans are cooked till tender, then enough for Monday's salad are saved out, and the rest are mixed in a casserole with a cup of half-inch cubes of cheese. About a cup of white sauce is poured over the top, and then it's baked about 25 minutes, or until the cheese is melted, in a moderate oven (350° F.).

Extra pastry dough is made on Sunday, too, for the fresh berry tarts which are suggested for Monday's dessert. And Monday's main dish is made from leftover lamb and potatoes which have been minced and seasoned and baked in green peppers.

On Wednesday, the hamburger shortcake lifts the menu out of the usual. The meat is broken up and fried with green pepper and celery until well done. The fried-out fat is made into a

delicious milk gravy, then added to the meat mixture and poured over piping hot buttered rounds of biscuit shortcake. This is most appetizing with the buttered new onions and sliced tomatoes which are suggested as accompaniments.

SAUTÉED EGGPLANT

Tender and tempting

2 large eggplants Salt
Flour Pepper

Peel eggplant; cut lengthwise in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch strips. Roll in flour; season with salt and pepper. Sauté in generous amount of hot shortening in heavy frying pan about 15 minutes, or until crisp and golden brown. Serves 6.

FRESH CORN FRITTERS

A down South special

1½ cups all-purpose flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2½ teaspoons corn baking powder	1 cup grated fresh
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon melted shortening
1 egg	

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Beat egg; add milk; add to dry ingredients; beat just until well mixed; and add corn and shortening. Fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a 1-inch cube of bread in 1½ minutes (300° F.) about 5 minutes, or until golden brown; drain on absorbent paper. Serve with honey. Makes 6 large fritters.

DEVONSHIRE BREAD PUDDING

An old-fashioned dessert

7 slices bread	Jelly
Butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream
1 quart thick fruit sauce	

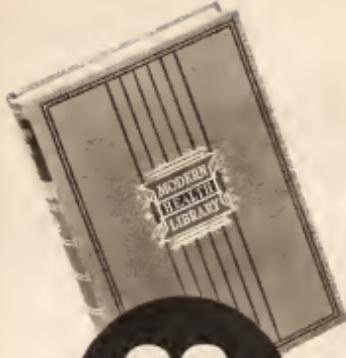
Cut bread average thickness; butter one side. Remove crusts; line buttered bowl with whole slices, cutting corners to make them fit (usually one in bottom, four for sides, and one piece diagonally will fit bowl completely). Pour in fruit sauce. Cover top with buttered slice of bread. Weight down with plate; chill overnight in refrigerator. Unmold; pour slightly softened jelly over top to add color and flavor. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

BAKED CRAB SALAD

A main dish

4 tablespoons butter or shortening	1 cup flaked crab meat
4 tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted shelled almonds
2 cups milk	4 hard-cooked eggs
1 pinch salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcester sauce	

Melt butter or shortening; blend in flour; add milk gradually, stirring constantly; cook until thickened; add chopped onions, seafood, crab meat, almonds, and chopped hard-cooked eggs; and mix well. Pour into individual casseroles or sea shells; top with bread crumbs and butter; and bake about 30 minutes, or until thoroughly heated and crumbs are browned, in moderate oven (375° F.). Serves 6.



60¢

**Some of the topics discussed in
"The Woman and the Home"**

•
Women's Happiness

Common Disorders Peculiar to Women

The Expectant Mother

Nursery Days

Common Diseases of Childhood

Miscellaneous Diseases

The Sick Child

Tonics and Common Sense

Accidents and Emergencies

Prescriptions

This
book is library-
size—5½ x 8½ inches.
It is bound in luxurious,
red morocco-grained leatheroid,
gold stamped and sewed. The
type is large and read-
able, printed on a fine,
high-grade
paper.

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NO WOMAN, NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT THIS VALUABLE BOOK, FOR "THE WOMAN AND THE HOME" OPENS UP NEW WAYS TO SUCCESSFUL AND HEALTHFUL LIVING! Send for your copy TODAY!

The Family Circle Magazine,
400 Madison Avenue,
New York City

Enclosed is 60c (stamps, check, or money order). Please send my copy of "The Woman and the Home"—POSTPAID.

Name

Address

City State

NEXT time your storekeeper gives you the gimlet eye when you tender a \$20 bill for a 75¢ purchase, don't take offense at it.

To be sure, according to all the books on retail salesmanship, you, the customer, are always right. Consequently the merchant should smile sweetly, smother all vile suspicions, and promptly fork over \$19.25 in change with a rousing "Thank you!" and a cheery "Come again."

But the books to the contrary notwithstanding, a certain sourness may slip across his face on the strength of poignant memories of other naive-looking persons who have presented \$20 bills to him in the past. Not passers "showing the queer" for counterfeits, necessarily, but plain, ordinary quick-change artists and other descendants of the boys who were driven out of the temple—and scattered like cockroaches all through the retail trade.

Having been connected, by marriage, with a retail shop for more than 15 years, I am fully aware of two facts: First, the retail merchant has to keep his wits about him if he is going to avoid being rocked by any one of a dozen or more simple swindles involving the handling of money. Second,

morning and makes a purchase amounting to \$1.50 or so. Apologizing for having nothing smaller, the customer hands you a \$20 bill which is perfectly good and which you accept after giving it a perfunctory scrutiny. That transaction ends right there.

Later in the day a woman, perhaps, comes in and buys an article for 25¢ or 35¢ and gives you a \$1 bill in payment. She then turns toward the door with her change and her package, but just as she's about to leave, she turns suddenly and exclaims, "Oh, I'm sorry—but I gave you a \$20 bill, and you gave me change for only \$1!"

You contradict her—politely, of course—but she, being equally polite and frightenedly embarrassed, is just as certain that you are in error. Finally a bright idea strikes her. "I know where you can tell!" she exclaims, her face lighting up. "Just before I came in here I made a telephone call from the booth over there in the drugstore. I phoned my sister, and when she gave me an address to write down, I had no memo paper in my bag, so I just jotted it on the back of the bill. You look in your cash register and see if you don't find that bill with '24 E. 3rd St.' on it."

You look—and, sure enough, there's the \$20 bill with "24 E. 3rd St." on it in very fine writing. The bill is, of course, the one the man gave you that morning for the \$1.50 purchase. And this is his partner—in for the pay-off.

Therefore, unless you're the kind of merchant who scrutinizes every bill closely and erases any identifying marks which can be erased, you're likely to be hooked in this fashion sooner or later.

The commonest racket with \$20 bills is, of course, the recharge gag. If you are a small merchant, you are reluctant to accept so large a bill from a total stranger for, say, a 35¢ sale, but when it develops that a \$20 bill is all the customer has, you make the change. Then the customer discovers that he has some smaller bills in his other pocket, so he considerably offers to take back the \$20 bill, give you back the change you gave him, pay you separately with a \$1 bill, for the 35¢ purchase, and take his 65¢ change for that. Then he gives you back your ten, five, four ones, and the 65¢ in change and takes the \$20 bill he has given you. "Or, borb," he says, "give me that five and I'll give you five singles, then you give me the ten and take that five back and that'll square us up except for the 65¢ change out of this dollar"—and when you get off the merry-go-round, you're out five bucks!

On paper it doesn't sound as if anyone could be taken in by that, but with four or



The two glib gents showed the M.D. how a \$1 bill, put through the machine, would come out a ten

MONEY-CHANGERS

BY PAUL W. KEARNEY

five customers waiting for service and this slick operator working like a lightning calculator, it is the simplest thing in the world to fall for. The safest course, patently, is not to start playing this little give-and-take game at all.

YOU may think that only the stupidest persons would fall for this gag, yet the identical principle on a smaller scale is worked universally in hoodwinking cigar store clerks, drugstore cashiers, and even theatre box office men. Using a \$2 bill instead of \$30, the "bype artist" spots, say, an orange drink stand with a clerk, preferably on duty alone, who is caught in a momentary flurry of business.

The money-changer buys a drink, slaps down the two-buck note, and gets \$1.90 back. Just as the harassed clerk turns to the next customer, the hyper says, "Say, I've got a dime! Give me back that \$2 bill, will you—it's a lucky one, and I don't want to part with it." Annoyed at the interruption and anxious to serve his impatient other customers, the clerk goes back to the register, gets out the bill, and forks it over as he reaches for another glass. The customer slides 90¢ across the counter and then walks off quickly. Nine times out of ten he gets away with the extra dollar—and if he doesn't, what of it? He just says "I'm sorry" and gives it back. After all, you can't hang a guy for an oversight.

Small-time stuff, to be sure, and not to be classed with the swindle that just broke in New York City when a big leaguer in the game sold one of those ancient "money-making machines" to a doctor for \$3,000. It's the oleaginous gag known to the money-changer, but it worked on a man who at least had the brains to get an M.D. degree and, furthermore, had been smart enough to accumulate five grand. Yet with all that background, he fell hard when a couple of gib gents took him up to an impressive suite in a large hotel and demonstrated before his very eyes how he could put a \$1 bill in this unique machine, start the machinery, and have it come out the other end a ten spot! The operators of the money-making machine, however, are now in jail, the cops having caught up with them in Houston, Texas. On the other hand, the small fry, who peddle their two's, ten's, or twenties at a small profit, go merrily on making a modest living with a colorless racket which has the one advantage of not stirring up the best brains in the detective division.

Indeed, even if you mail one of these slickers red-handed in the act of hoodwinking



When you get off the merry-go-round after the recharge gag with a \$20 bill, you've lost a ten. He must be extremely tactful at being cautious, because the average customer is definitely touchy about any reflection being cast on his money or his morals.

The merchant, therefore, has to be both careful and tactful when it comes to making change. For even if his experienced eye tells him that a bank note is okay (which can easily be a mistake these days with so many photo-offset artists turning out sound-looking phony bills), he never knows what is going to follow on the heels of this transaction.

The shopkeeper who so insultingly scrutinizes your bill, for instance, may know even better than you that it is a perfectly legitimate Federal Reserve note. One glance at the background behind the portrait on the face tells him that, because the fine dots are clean and sharp without the least trace of smudge. So what he's looking for now, probably, is some alien mark of identification on the note—initials written in lead pencil, a telephone number, or some other notation which may be the earmark of an impending swindle.

WHAT? You say you've never heard of that one? Well, it's a neat trick which is frequently pulled on small merchants everywhere—and invariably with complete success. The technique is simple:

A customer comes into your store one

you, what are you going to do about it? He's got you by the short hair because you're a merchant and you don't want to insult a customer any more than you want to have an unpleasant scene in a store full of people. And when all is said and done, his story is that he only made a mistake, anyhow. And this psychological advantage is the strong

CON MEN'S METHODS OF MULCTING MERCHANTS ARE MANY. HOW GULLIBLE WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN IF A SLICKER HAD TRIED THESE DODGES ON YOU?

point which makes the numerous money-changing swindles so common.

THE lads who prey on the lunch wagon and coffee pot proprietors with the phony \$10 bill carry the psychological attack to the ultimate degree to serve their ends. They employ, as a matter of fact, the only method for getting the victim actually to demand that he be given a counterfeit note. In this case, the procedure is for the swindler to go into the lunch wagon or cheap restaurant and give the boss a pitiful tale about being broke and hungry, and could he have a cup of coffee and a roll.

Even the most hard-boiled guy will usually softie to that plea. After the visitor has partaken of his nourishment and is thanking his host, he pulls his handkerchief out of his pocket—and a \$10 bill flies out with it and falls across the counter.

Furious at having been taken for a sleigh ride, the proprietor, with appropriate expletives, pounces on the bill, rings up 10¢ on the register, gives the "bum" his change in good United States money. He may also give him a good boot in the pants, gratis. But in any case the proprietor's blood pressure is up, his cash on hand is down \$9.90, and he hasn't a legal leg to stand on, because the passer didn't offer the bogus bill to him—he grabbed it off his own free will.

Don't get the notion, however, that these money-changing swindles are worked exclusively on tank-town hash slingers or little old maids in gift shops who are supposed to be just too gullible for words, for one of the smartest gags ever pulled was worked the whole length of Broadway on the most blasé and skeptical of all retail clerks—the chain cigar store boys. Starting way downtown, a lad in his shirt sleeves and hatless breezed in one morning with three or four \$10 bills in his hand and asked for a couple of rolls of quarters, dimes, and nickels. Chain stores usually have reserve change in small coins, and the clerk accommodated the fellow, who said he was from such-and-such a store across the street and whose appearance seemed to support his statement.

In a few moments, however, he was back with two rolls of dimes and the explana-

tion that the boss didn't need any dimes, and would the clerk take them back and give him bills, in any convenient denominations, instead. Sure he would—and did. Whereupon the embezzler hopped himself to the next cigar store up the street and pulled the same routine. And so on, almost ad infinitum.

The catch was that when each clerk came to "break" the first of the rolls of dimes he had taken back, he discovered that the wrapper, instead of containing dimes, encased a bar of lead.

ANOTHER gag which once met with considerable success in the big stores involved a purchase running to \$400 or \$500—usually a fur coat. Early in the day a woman shopper would look at a number of different models and finally select one which pleased her, telling the salesgirl that she would take it with her. In payment, she would offer a crisp \$1,000 bill—not a common denomination, obviously, and one that would be sure to cause some eyebrow lifting all along the line.

Invariably there was some delay behind the scenes while the note was passed from one "expert" to another in an effort to determine whether it was a good one, and usually somebody was sent scurrying off to the bank with it to make sure. The further delay thus caused would be, of course, pie for the swindler, who would suddenly lose her patience, have a violent tantrum in the showroom, and being gravely insulted, call the whole deal off.

Perhaps by this time the merchant had learned that the bill was perfectly good, but there would be no placating the indignant woman, who would demand her money back and depart in a huff.

Just before closing time, however, she would reappear, apologetic for the scene she had caused. She'd explain that she'd been to other stores and couldn't find as nice a coat for the money, and ask if they still had the one she liked. They did. Once again the \$1,000 bill would appear, the transaction would then go through with alacrity, and the customer would leave with her coat and her change in almost nothing flat.

But this time the bill would be counterfeited!

Another slick money-changing swindle which also is perpetrated in the larger stores has a shoplifting angle on the side. A woman goes in to buy a dress for about \$25, and in the course of trying on one after the other, she carries on a considerable conversation with the salesgirl. In this chattering the customer makes a point of relating a joke or some incident which is certain to make



Furious, the proprietor pounces on the phony sow-buck, forces \$7.90 in good money on the "bum."

a marked impression on the salesgirl. Then, after paying the \$25 or so for the garment selected, the customer leaves with her purchase.

Meanwhile, her confederate has been browsing around the same department with her eye peeled. And when she sees which dress her partner is buying, she lifts one identically like it, slips it into her bag or bundle (shoplifters commonly carry a "bundle" wrapped in paper and tied with twine, which is merely an empty box with a flap on the side toward the body but much less suspicious-looking than the time-honored handbag), and departs with it.

Next day the purchaser gives her sales slip to her shoplifting partner, and the latter returns the dress to the refund counter and gets her money back. A few days later the first woman returns to the salesgirl with the dress she bought, explains that she will have to ask for her money back as her husband won't stand for the purchase, and says that she has mislaid the sales slip. If necessary, she can easily identify herself, of course, by retelling the saleswoman the story she told her the day she made the purchase. And with her recollection satisfactorily renewed by that anecdote, the girl has no hesitation about



The swindler, insulted, would have a tantrum in the showroom and leave with her \$1,000 bill going to the section manager and assuring him that the garment was bought there and the woman is entitled to her money.

Thus the store unwittingly acts as a fence for the thief who stole the merchandise from them in the first place and then blandly sells it back to them at the regular retail price.

VERYILY, the ways of the money-changers are numerous and diverse and a constant source of concern for the poor merchant who never knows what to be suspicious of next. He has learned by now, perhaps, that it is usually bad business to give change on a check for a purchase the amount of which is smaller than the check—even though the customer offering the check has been in a number of times before. Indeed, even the passers of counterfeit bills are smart enough to make numerous visits to a store, handing out a good \$5 or \$10 bill each time until the acquaintance tends to lull suspicion when the phony note is passed.

Consequently, even though a storekeeper has seen you half a dozen times recently, don't get miffed if he seems a bit shy about playing ball when you blithely flash a \$20 bill on him. You may be a pillar of the church and the money may be fresh from the Mint, but that's precisely what he thought about the money-changer who fleeced him a couple of months ago. And merchants, like elephants, never forget.

The Family Circle

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

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JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau

Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, Art

R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

MARJORIE MURRAY, 731 N. 29th St., Seattle Washington, tells us, "I discovered THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE about a year ago and since then I have not missed a copy. I find that when I begin to read it, I just can't finish until I have read it from cover to cover. I found enjoyment in reading this poem, so I am sending it on to you."

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

I'd rather have sunshine and roses,
I'd rather be happy and gay,
I'd rather be singing and cheerful—
Then down in the dumps any day.
So I mold my face like a sunbeam—
Smiling will make it that way.
If I can't have all that I long for,
I'll have a good time anyway!

—GLADYS MELROSE GEARHART

MANY thanks to Mrs. Carl Williamson, 930 Hays St., San Francisco, California, for sending this verse.

THE CAT

The cat's a four-legged quadruped,
Not consistin' in his tail.
The missus is the tabby cat,
And Thomas is the male.

The cat it is carnivorous,
Although to walk inclined,
It makes a leap out of its back,
And whiskers it looks fine in.

No home should be without the cat,
Especially where there's mousers.
It never goes away, the cat,
But stays just where the house is.

—ANTHONY HENDERSON KUWER

"I HAVE been a reader of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE for several years and never miss a copy if I can help it," writes Earl Moore, 345 N. 7th St., Salina, Kansas. "Some time ago one of your readers contributed the famous words of Davy Crockett, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.' May I submit this amendment?"

Be sure you're wrong before you quit.

MANY thanks to Paul Sonneborn, 4135 S. Cordova Lane, Alhambra, California, for sending these lines,

How lovely common things
Must seem to you,
Who have such lovely eyes
To see them through!

—SHERRY KING

PRESENTED BY FISHER FOODS, CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING

for whom the Cleveland edition of The Family Circle Magazine is exclusively published

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

HOW well I remember the old family doctor. Every step of his on the creaking stairs as he ascended toward my room was reassuring. It wasn't that he did so much. He bent his shiny bald dome over my chest and said, "Breathe deeply." He poked around below decks. He hemmed and hawed a bit, pulled up the covers with a quiet finality, and, gently confident, gave his verdict. "I don't see but that you're all right," he said. "I'll be around tomorrow just to make sure. You'll be on your feet again soon!" That made me feel half cured already and once more unafraid of the future. His visit was the visit of a wise friend. He didn't speak like an oracle, he didn't string out a lot of technical names, and his bedside manner was comforting rather than professional.

Medicine has made great strides since those days. Physicians, like the members of every other profession, have gone in for specialization. On the whole, the results have been gratifying. But we have run into one or two who overworked the specialist business and they made us feel like one of Matthew Arnold's characters who pleaded:

Nor bring to see me cease to live
Some doctor full of phrase and fame
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

The old family doctor was not a fashionable physician. He didn't have to play up to rich hypochondriacs. His method of treatment was simple and based on a few sound medical principles. When I hear some of these fashionable modern specialists discuss their newfangled notions, I always think of the doctors created by the French playwright Moliere. Perhaps you remember the answer his Sganarelle gave Geronte when the latter remarked that the heart was on the left side and the liver was on the right. "Yes," Sganarelle said, "it was so formerly, but we have altered all that. Now we practice medicine in quite a new way."

The old family doctor went about his work with humility. He mixed his drugs himself—something which would horrify many specialists today. He looked on his job more as a means of assisting nature than as an abstract study of complex cause and effect. The old-fashioned doctor regarded the human body as a single organism, not as a collection of individual parts, only one of which interested him. He knew us as human beings, not as subjects for experiments. Why, he knew our bad habits and our good traits; what we were afraid of and what we could face. He knew that sometimes we wondered about God, and he liked us for it. He knew that we are more interested in knowing that we are going to live than in the details of how we shall eventually die.

So, we wish we could send for the old family doctor again. For the old family doctor, with the modern physician's knowledge of science and his own gentle humanity, would be the perfect man to call in an emergency.

Specialization has its value, undoubtedly, even if in many cases it goes too far. But it was the old family doctor with his understanding of us as human beings, and in his role of priest-physician-friend, who brought us cheer and increased our desire to live in a way which mere technicians seem unable to do.

Alden Wilson

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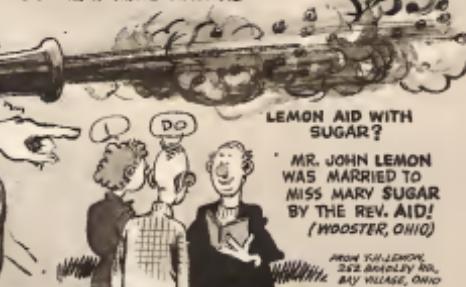
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